[ficlet] Human AU: Stress

• Mar. 12th, 2011 at 1:12 AM

Title: Human AU: Stress.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel +/ Raphael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 884 words.
Summary: Lucifer shows up in a duckpond and ruins Gabriel's family outing.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt stress being used for this one. Seven down, twenty-three to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

"Sunglasses for everyone, or you'll all start whining at me in two minutes!" Gabriel's excited, and nevermind how much he'd been dreading this excursion ever since he decided to put it together, he's actually looking forward to seeing Michael and Raphael deal with the park.

He'll put up with comments about concrete pathways and pigeon poo and noisy kids out walking and the guaranteed presence of squirrels, and he might even enjoy the sunburn he can never seem to avoid when he goes outside for walks. (Yes, he did get lotion. Yes, he's using it already. He's just naturally burnable.)

What he'll enjoy is already happening: Michael's putting on sunglasses, looking almost dashing in his sweatpants, white tee and sneakers. Raphael's got a wind-breaker on, and nearly the same outfit.

To Gabriel's endless amusement, they look like bodyguards. If he can get them to stand on either side of him and stay exactly that awkward and shifty, he'll look like a movie-star, or politician...not that he'll tell them this, of course. That would ruin the almost friendly mood they've got going on.

"Is this adequate?" Michael asks, and Gabriel gives him a thumbs-up.

Then he remembers how much he and Michael don't speak the same language even though it's English and says "yeah, we're ready."

Gabriel ushers them all out the door and locks their apartment door behind them. They're on their way, and best of all, they're on their way without any arguments.

His good mood lasts all the way to the park, around the statue plunked in the middle of it, and to the duck pond.

It nearly survives the feeding of the ducks, but then Raphael just *has* to say something.

"Gabriel," Raphael says, and Gabriel can feel his entire back tense up. This isn't going to be good, he's not going to like this, Raphael addressing him is never a good thing. "I don't understand why we're wasting our time with this."

Gabriel heaves a sigh and tosses more crumbs in, watching a pair of mallards argue over who gets the day-old bread.

"Raphael," He says, and he *knows* Michael is listening, and probably judging him, too. "We're not wasting our time."

"Oh?" Raphael says, and okay, Michael may not be good at it, but somewhere along the way Raphael picked up how to make a single syllable be as pandering as it possibly can.

"This is quality family time that's showing you two life beyond the four walls of our apartment, and - "

"We're not family," Raphael cuts in, a hard edge in his voice that has Gabriel tense and ready to do...something. Not fight. Not ever that.

"As I was saying," Gabriel says, mouth tight, "this is quality family time that means you two get to see the world outside without landing us in awkward social situations or in financial trouble, and it means that I get to spend some time feeding the ducks, which happens to be one of the funniest things you can do in a park that doesn't involve bodily harm."

That nets him a silence, and if he pegs a duck with the next crouton he throws, well, sucks to be the duck.

He knew that the good mood couldn't last, but honestly, couldn't they have held off until he was done with the pond?

It's like daring God to cause the Winchesters to show up, but he can't help it: "Okay, what else is going to go wrong now?"

"Gabriel," Michael says, and Gabriel is going to have a *word* with God whenever he gets his halo back. If it's the Winchesters, he'll punch God too, not that a punch will do anything.

It's not exactly a relief when he turns to find out what Michael wants to discover that Michael is pointing into the pond.

Pointing into the edge of the pond where a naked man is groaning in pain.

"I *hate* my life," Gabriel declares to no one, and then, "Twenty bucks says it's Lucifer. Raphael, give me your coat, we're gonna need it."

Which of course leads to: "If it's Lucifer, why should we help?"

"Because I know how to do up shoelaces and you don't. Come on," Gabriel snaps, and is rewarded by getting Raphael's wind-breaker. He promptly gives up on keeping his shoes clean and hops in, bending to wrap Lucifer up in the jacket, picking him up bridal-style, and whoa, okay, Lucifer hasn't been eating enough, angel or not.

"We're going home now," Gabriel says. "Come on."

He ignores it when Lucifer blinks his eyes open, and starts walking - he wants them all out of the public eye as soon as possible, and he wants to shrug off those stares already.

"Where - " Lucifer says, and that confirms that.

"We'll explain everything once we're back," Gabriel says, and doesn't look at Lucifer. He doesn't want to see his expression, and he doesn't want to hear anything his wayward brother has to say. Especially not when he's wet and half naked and pressed up to his chest...and even more especially when Michael and Raphael are right there.

If there are bright spots in the whole debacle, it's that no one says anything the whole way home, and that no policemen detain them for questioning.

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